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Vol. III October, 1921 No. 25

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"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.

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By W. H. Fawcett

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Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States

Drippings From the Fawcett

SOME up-country contributor sends us in a lengthy "poem" under the alluring caption, "Ode to a Jackass." This verse libertinage starts off something in the following fashion:

> Oh, well do I remember yet,
> How very proud I used to get
> When, like a little king, I'd set—
> Upon my donkey.

There are several more verses which serve as proof that out in the rhubarbs the molasses candy is a mocker and soda pop a raging. The only redeeming feature in free verse is its mystery. Take this thing by Ellen Janson in "The Measure" entitled "Shadowy—Under My Window," for example:

> Shadowy—under my window—
> Your low reed sobs
> Its desert love-song to the remembering stars.
> Shadowy—
> All the night my breasts are lilies,
> My lips are passion flowers.

Now, there you are—a nice idea, neatly handled and mysterious. Your guess as to what Poetess Janson is driving at is as good as mine —and both probably are wrong. Perhaps she was talking to Fred Beauvais under her window, or Jim Stillman. Or it may have been the

alley cat—a thing sobbing in the backyard to the remembering stars.

And so the mystery thickens like onion jelly.

* * *

WE LET Gus read both these poems—the "Ode to a Jackass" and "Shadowy—Under My Window"—and Gus called the Shadowy stuff too highbrow. But Gus doesn't know "highbrow" poetry when he reads it. Neither one is regular, lollypop highbrow literature. We have before us a recent copy of "Current Opinion" containing the following howl from the highbrow poet, Carl Sandburg:

My shirt is a token and a symbol
More than a lover for sun and rain,
My shirt is a signal
And a teller of souls.

I can take off my shirt and tear it
And so make a ripping, razzly noise,
And the people will say,
"Look at him tear his shirt."

I can keep my shirt on;
I can sit around and sing like a little bird,
And look 'em all in the eye and never be fazed.
I can keep my shirt on.

If we hadn't happened across this copy of Current Opinion enroute home from the Atlantic City tea party we would have been just as ignorant as Gus as to what constitutes real highbrow poetry. We have known dames who could translate the languages of their Mexican nairless puppies. We have seen dumb-bells trying to get a prescription from an ouija board. Most poets—even the cuckoo who wrote the "Ode to a Jackass"—are familiar with the "voices of nature." But unless we have been eating a wagon load of evaporated apples

smothered in bootleg without any flavor—especially without vanilla flavor—Sandburg is shadow-boxing with nut sundaes when he is not writing poetry.

Sandburg is beyond all surgery.

But that is highbrow, Gus, granting the shirt was clean, which we very much doubt.

* * *

WHEN Gus was back East with me where they use the sign language—sign here and sign there—we took in a New York production and one of the comic lyrics handed over the footlights went something like this:

Oh, the Vamp, Vamp, Vamp, Vamp, Vamp,
She's a nectarine, a pippin and a peach;
She's emotional and sexual and highly intellectual
And equally effectual in each.
She's a jolly little sport with the boys of every sort,
In the college, in the court or in the camp—
Though her years may handicap her,
Why the flapping of the Flapper
Isn't in it with the vamping of the Vamp, Vamp, Vamp,
Of the variable, veritable vamp.

Nothing "highbrow" about that—yet we can picture a crowd of Minneapolis undergraduates sitting beside a big pine tree at our Breezy Point lodge on a moonlight night. We shall let you complete the portrayal. It isn't poetry, just as Gus says, and it isn't highbrow like the "Tale of the Shirt" and the "Lily Breasts." But, it should go ringing down in cabaret history with "Cheer, Cheer, the Gang's All Here"; "Shall I Get You Now or Must I Hesitate?" and other classics of the post-prohibition age.

* * *

That thing you call a head is merely a mole placed on your shoulders to keep your backbone from unraveling.

I WAS standing outside the Urban meat market in Robbinsdale the other day when a neighbor lady, carrying her baby, walked up to me. "If you'll hold baby while I buy some meat I'll treat you to a nice cool drink in the drug store," she said to me.

I took the kidlets in my arms while mother did her shopping. I stood around for at least five minutes before the kindly lady finally completed her purchases.

"Thank you, Captain Billy," she said, as she took her baby from me. "I suppose you're ready for that drink now, aren't you?"

"No," I answered. "Really, Mrs. Smith, I'm not the least bit dry today."

* * *

WE RECEIVED a very interesting letter from Deacon Gifford's son, John, the other day. Giff Junior went out to California to become a movie hero and at present has employment in Hollywood as a pilot in the Universal stables. He piles it here and there as he used to do in his father's barn. We will give you Giff's letter as we feel sure you will be interested in any word from our old friend John.

"Dear Captain Billy: I went out to visit a nice girl in Watts, California, twenty minutes' ride from Los Angeles, tuther night and she had a nice little vurse which she recited to me, which I am sending you to put in the Whiz Bang:

O, she shook a little shimmy,
Then she shook a little knee;
She shook her little shoulder
As she danced away with me.
Handsome feller shook an eyelid,
'N she shook her's back in glee,
Shook his head kinda sideways
And directly she shook me.

"Watts is a new town, as I have said before, and the most popular man in town is Reverund Ismus. He always is invited to every wedding and funeral.

"I went to a home brew party the other night, but before I got there the party was dead and Reverund Ismus eridicated the burial service, thusly:

" 'Brethren and Sistern, we must now bid a fond farewell to Deacon Jones (here someone in the audience remarked "What farewell could be sweeter"), who now lies uninterrupted. We must benefit by the Deacon's calamity and teach our children to read and write, that they may be able to discern the difference between 'Malt and Hops' and 'Rough on Rats." The choir will now sing 'Awaken Sleeping Angels' for Brother Deacon Jones is now entering the gates of Heaven.'

"We have a wonderful barber shop in town. He isn't doing much business now and when I stepped in for a shave the other day he was asleep in the chair. I coughed a couple of times. He awoke, jumped up quick, and shouted,

"'Next!'

"They also have a police force in Watts. Yesterday I saw him arrest a fellow in an auto. The fellow wanted to know what he was pinched for.

"'Fer not sticking out yer hand when turning a busy corner.'

"'Well, I couldn't very well let go of the wheel to stick out my hand, could I?'

"'Where was yer other hand?'

"'Oh, I had that around the emergency.' Whereupon the girl sitting next to him blushed furiously. I didn't know why unless the cop flirted with her or something. Women are awfully funny anyway.

"By the way, Captain, is your present wife your first mate?

"Your old friend,

"John."

* * *

YE EDITOR received an interesting communication the other day from our friend A. Rousè, which we will pass on to you for your edification:

"T'other night I passed through your summer capital, i.e., Pequot, and in spite of the uncouth hour, climbed off the rattler to see if I could view the illustrious Gus or the famous member of the specie bovine, Pedro. I was disappointed, but what I started out to say was that as we approached the aforementioned hamlet, I remarked to George, the genial and dusky skipper of the 'Sokluk,' that we seemed to be

making a little better seaway for the passed few miles.

"'Yessah, ah reckon we is," said George, 'She's sure runnin' right smooth jes now. Almost seem lak ol' engineer done succeed in gettin' her back on the ties once mo."

* * *

Our Latest Flivver Story

A jitney car operated by a woman between Chico and Paradise, California, broke down the other day. She halted a passing roadster and of the driver inquired:

"Do you know anything about this car?"

"Only a lot of bum jokes," he replied, and drove on.

* * *

The Game

Joyride and the girls ride with you;
Stroll, and you stroll alone,
For this is the day of the damsels gay,
Who consider the stroller a drone.

Feast, and the girls feast with you;
Fast, and you fast uncheered.
For they like to dine and drink rare wine,
And to dance when the floor is cleared.

Flirt, and the girls flirt with you;
Don't, and they count you slow.
For they play with you, so you must play, too
Or sit in the lonesome row.

Love, and the girlies love you;
Wed, and she is yours for life.
For she does not play in the cabaret,
The one that you make your wife.

* * *

We will now sing that new southern ballad of the darkies, entitled, "I'se got the razor and you'se got the throat."

Gone Are the Dog Daze

Squire Green, wealthy Minnesota farmer, had a pedigreed dog, Fido. He read in the Weekly Argus where Professor Dumpey in Minneapolis could operate on a dog and make him talk like a man for a three thousand dollar fee.

The squire shook himself loose from the money and delegated his son, Bycyrus, to take the money and Fido to the miracle professor. Arriving in the city, Bycyrus parked Fido in the hotel and started out to spend the three thousand berries. When he sobered up, he found himself without railroad fare home, so he and Fido started to walk.

At the crossroads he killed Fido.

"Where's the dog?" the Squire asked.

"Well," replied Bycyrus, "It was this way: As I was walking home, Fido looked up at me and said: 'I wonder if your father still goes out with the cook.' So I killed poor Fido."

"Bycyrus," earnestly inquired the Squire, "are you sure that dog is dead?"

* * *

Wow, Zowie?

The colonel of a British regiment returned home in a very angry mood, and when questioned by his wife as to the cause, replied: "Why, that Yankee captain attached to us boasted in the mess today that he had kissed every officer's wife in the regiment but one."

"My word," replied his wife, "I wonder who she can be."

Our Movie Gossip

TRUST Hollywood to have the latest in fads, but as in lots of cases, they are short lived. A few months ago Madam Edith Maida Lessing built her temple in Glasswell Park, high above Hollywood, and said, "Here will I commune with the eternal, here will I show the bungalow sweeties that I am no piker." So she gathered her subjects about her and taught them that civil marriage is the bunk, ownership of land is terrible, churches, penitentiaries are awful, divine marriage is the berries, barter and exchange are the biscuits, free trade and religious transformation is the hot dog.

So divine marriage prevailed, it consisted of taking a person as your mate in the sight of God and when tired of them give them the gate, and daily and nightly they gamboled lightly on the lee, little elfins scantily clad could be seen flitting hither and thither in the moonlight and they held earthly communication in the doorways; in the early mornings could be seen the spirit dance around the red flag of love, and many a bungalow sweetie could be seen looking longingly toward Glasswell Park. It got so bad that the dearies thought they were going to lose their sweet

man and they all began to squawk in accents bold.

They yelped so loud that they were heard in Los Angeles, and straightway two noble minions of the law set forth to quiet the rumpus. When they arrived and asked what it was all about, they were informed this was the temple of Helois where the disabled vets were soon to reside and where St. Mary's cradle was to be founded to care for all the babies that were not otherwise cared for. Here was to be the goat farm to feed said babies that their mothers might commune with the spirits unhampered; here was to be the boat landing where the fishermen would land nightly after their day's fishing to feed the vets and the other members of the colony. Here was everything.

The law was not satisfied and escorted her forth to durance vile, and accused her of lots of things she didn't understand, but she remained unruffled and when safely situated in the county hotel, broke forth in a fit of poetry—

Red Is the Color of Love

Because in the hope to save the world,
She had questioned not nor fled,
But only kept the banner unfurled,
Whose only color is red.
For red is the color of love,
And red is the holy one's desire,
And red is the place where love makes his bed,
And red is the color of fire.
And red is the thing that we do and dare,
When we snatch the fire brand
And touch the flame to the devil's lair,
Who tortures us by his hand.
And red is the hole in the depths of the earth,
We would bury the demon in

Who has laughed in such fiendish and lawless mirth
At the wages of lust and sin.

Now all is quiet at Helios; no more do they dance in the pale moonlight; no more is the scorpion hurled forth to the bungalows, no more do the goats bleat and disturb he who would sleep; now the sweeties have returned to their previous love, and all is well.

* * *

THE other day the little town of Manhattan on the ocean near Los Angeles passed an ordinance setting a penalty for swimming without the sometimes necessary bathing suit, but they claim it was not without cause, for it got so bad that certain persons after swimming were going uptown for lunch without taking the necessary time to cover their earthly charms.

One night a party was held on the sands and every one disrobed and all were enjoying the cooling air of the evening when a stranger was seen in the offing. Everyone grabbed clothes and ran, intending to use another part of the beach to refresh themselves. One dearie was stranded in the dark, and as the rest of the party had her clothes, was forced to wander about until morning, which was only a few hours away. After daylight she set out to find some clothes.

Later the town heads talked it over and decided that a person ought to wear some clothing, if only to protect them from the chill night air, so now if you go to Manhattan to swim, take something along to wear, even if it

is only an old shirt, for, quote they, if Mack Sennet can get away with it, "we" can.

* * *

"The Four Cow Boys of the Poker Chips"

From "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"

By James Starr.

This is a great, massive feature directed by Dex Bygum, formerly a bartender in Cuba. This picture is the greatest society drama that has ever been produced about the cow country. The story is of a man that goes to Reno to get a divorce. Reno being a great cow town, he soon turns to be a cowboy. While he is chasing he "steaks" around the country, a beautiful girl comes to Reno to get a diverce or to get married, we don't know which. The two fall in love with each other and he rides her around the town in a side car on a bicycle. They have great times together for a while until he starts to playing marbles for money. This gambling scene would make Monte Carlo turn green with envy. The girl tells the man that if he doesn't stop gambling, she'll leave him forever. He goes from bad to worse and starts to play lawn dice. She is heart-broken and leaves the town. That night he and four cowboys start to play poker. The four cowboys leave the dive with all of the poker chips. The man is broke and discouraged, so he takes a writing "Tablet" and dies in a few minutes. This is the only drama we've seen with a true-to-life ending. It is without a doubt the greatest non-star picture ever produced. We don't see how they did it.

"High Steppin' "

From "Deception"

By James Starr.

This is a story of the wild parties they had during the time English history was originated. From the looks of this picture they had a wild and wicked time. The hero had six wives; that's enough to make any picture worth watching. The time is during the reign of Henry the Flivver. Without a doubt he was a rattling good King because he found the Ford that would go fifty miles on a bucket of oats. There's a mystery about the old birds doing the "toddle" in the second reel; they pull a mean dance and if it hadn't been for a gang of sub-titles we'd have seen a wicked time. Old Henry as a king was a much better joker. The greatest thing that he ever said was, "If I ever lose my Kingdom, I'll sell shoe strings on Broadway so I can have my near-beer." He meant every word of it, too. Old Henry was a real wicked hero, they usually let the villain have the part, but to save the cost of another actor, they had old Henry do it. The old Monarch was fond of playing crap and reading the sixteenth century funny paper. One of his favorites in the funny paper was "Omar, the tentmaker," who is now still acting foolish on he American stage. This picture is not quite as wicked as "The Queen of She Bare," but it will do just the same.

* * *

Doesn't it get your nanny to have a girl say, "Now quit, Charles!" when your name is George?

Pour la Toddle

Oh, these professional propagandists.

Can nothing deliver us from them?

Our ministerial prolocutors again promulgate the purity dance.

They barked and barked at the spaghetti shamble shimmie until Sari Dennishawn tripped in and demonstrated the aestheticism of shoulder shaking.

But now the "'toddle" comes—that ecstatic little eccentricity that proselytes us all, and makes us do those ticklish little shivers that the deans call "vicious."

"Vicious"—propend that!

Is there anything more inspiring than two young people, cheeks pressed close, galloping about in syncopated contortions to the wierd moan of a saxaphone and the sliding blare of a trombone?

Is there anything more uplifting than the sight of a beautiful young girl with her head resting on the shoulder of a greasy-headed lizard who "toddles" around with closed eyes?

And the ministers would change all this. They call it "vicious."

Now what do you think of that?

* * *

A certain young lady named Funk,
Was tricked into buying a skunk,
She tho't 'twas a cat, till it got on her lap,
But now she burns Japanese punk.

* * *

Crookedness never pays in the long run—Look at the corkscrew—out of a job.

Limber Kicks

Here's to the Woman

A smile for every joy,
A tear for every sorrow,
A consolation for every grief,
An excuse for every fault,
A prayer for every misfortune,
And an encouragement for every hope.

* * *

Sermonette

Most of us love to dance, but that
Is nothing to reprove;
The ones who ought to be suppressed
Are those who dance to love.

* * *

Memories of the Past

Sing this to the tune of "On the Rocky Road to Dublin."

Three cheers for the red wine and booze,
Three cheers for Ireland, and Michael Kenna too;
When grub was slim and pickings thin,
We all came to Hink's,
To eat a lot of free lunch,
Without buying any drinks.

* * *

Mary has two silken sox,
Rolled down below her knees;
Mary once had chickenpox,
Which spoiled the scenery.

* * *

Of Course Not

Carefully she rouges her dimpled knees,
Then adds a powdery sheen,
Do you think she does this little stunt,
If she thinks they won't be seen?

Where Silence Was Golden

Three gentlemen were seated in a street car. One of them, who stuttered badly, turned to the man nearest him and said: W-w-w-would y-y-you p-p-p-please t-t-t-tell m-me w-what t-t-time it is?" Receiving no reply he thought he had addressed a foreigner and soon left the car.

The third gentleman turned to the one that had been asked for the time of day and said: "Why didn't you tell that poor fellow the time? I never thought that anyone could be so uncivil."

The one who had been asked for the time turned ond said: "D-d-d-do y-y-y-you t-t-think I-I-I-I w-w-wanted t-t-to ge-ge-get my h-h-head ku-ku-knocked off?"

* * *

Does It Pay to Forget?

An Irishman and a German went out to the back yard to settle an argument with their fists. Just before the fight started they agreed that when either of them had enough he would say "Sufficient." Then they went at it.

The Irishman soon knocked the Fritzie off his feet. Heinie got up, shook his head and, catching the Irishman off his guard, hit him for a goal. Pat came back fast and furious, and so the battle waged fast and faster—when finally the German, about ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, cried out—"Sufficient."

Pat shook hands with him and said: "I've been trying to think of that word for the last ten minutes."

"A Fool's Paradise"

BY REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL
Pastor of People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

PALM BEACH is the place where the palm is held out for your money as soon as you land. Here nothing is free save the air, looks and morals of the visitors. On the beach color, costume, commotion, low necks, high skirts, bare legs, wicked winks and studied poses kindle the onlooker's thoughts into a flame that Neptune cannot put out. This is the place for high jinks that would shame the half-naked savages of the South Seas and outdo the love-antics of the nymphs and gods in old mythology.

Dinner is the day's event at the Poinciana Hotel. 'Tis a thrilling sight to see an army of waiters "charge" through miles of dinner table trenches, while the guests, armed with sabre knives and bayonet forks, fight to get food. After the attack the survivors sit around in the lobby, stand or march about the miles of halls and foyers, shooting glances at each other and attempting to make "conquests." Despite the heat of the room, there were many chilling glances and cold shoulders if you were not one of the "regulars." Giddy boys and girls, thoroughbred sports of men and women, were all there to see and be seen, to show all they dared,

to flaunt their gold and diamonds and exhibit everything they could on their outside which did but advertise the naked poverty of their inner mentality and morality.

Amid all this glare, gold and giddiness, I watched an old woman, who was out of the society race, but painfully anxious to be noticed. This slave of fashion with rope of pearls around her neck, bosom bound round with chains of gold, and handcuffed with bracelets, leaned back in her chair. When she saw me look at her she raised the lace on her breast that I might see her hidden diamonds, then rested her withered arms for me to admire her bracelets, moved her bony, be-diamonded fingers, heaved her upholstered bosom and writhed her wrinkled, snaky neck.

Ye Gods, what a sight! This last leaf on Life's tree—this winter of discontent amid these tropical surroundings—this dying spark in life's conflagration of passion—this woman of three score years making this unholy show of herself, when she ought to be in bed or with a Bible on her knees preparing to meet her God. This after-dinner sideshow was a fulsome fiesta of Fashion, a vicious Vanity Fair.

The "Beach Club" is the Monte Carlo of the U. S. A. To gain admission you must be a member, or be vouched for by a member in good standing. I met a member who offered to take me in and show me around. I had seen the real Monte Carlo abroad and was told this was like it with its games and sports. I did manage to get by the Cerberus at the door, but was then politely stopped by a smiling, monkey

flunkey with an expression of "Thus far shalt thou go and go further." He informed me I couldn't enter without being in evening dress. Since I was like the man in the Scripture, without the wedding garment, I was cast out. Nevertheless, at the door I saw two old satyrs taking a chance with two powdered, painted dames, who in life's game had lost everything worth having. One of the girls was tipsy. They made some fly remarks and were welcomed in.

This "Beach" Club is a place of financial and moral wrecks. It is openly run in defiance of the Florida state law against gambling. There is not a law of man or God that it does not break, except the one that unless you wear a tuxedo or Prince Albert you cannot enter. Here hearts, heads and bank accounts are broken. Fabulous amounts exchange hands among the players. If you are just a looker-on you pay for the privilege—a dollar for a glass of water or ten dollars a plate for a light luncheon. Question: Why does the government pinch the little gamblers and permit this "White House" to be a black palace of ruin and despair?

There is some excuse for the routine of an insane asylum but none for the silly Palm Beach daily program. Here it is: Yawns, idleness, ennui and indigestion; dressing for beach and undressing for dinner; sun-tan of the "Browning Club" and tonic baths; whisking around in an invalid wheel chair in company of dudes and pug-dogs; driveling talk of clothes and looks; drinking pink tea or cocktails; reading the latest trash; spooning, dancing, flirt-

ing, golfing, yachting, sporting, and parading high-priced dogs, cats and monkeys whose mentality and morals are often higher than their owners'.

Even Mother Nature here is togged out in society form, laced and corseted. Trees and flowers are trimmed out of all picturesqueness; natural curves give way to geometrical squares; lawns are imprisoned in concrete curbs; the air is perfumed with the balmy fragrance of cigarettes and cigars; there in no rest found beneath palms, fruit trees or among plants and flowers on account of the stinging swarms of society gnats. Florid Florida folders describe Palm Beach as "paradise," but the attractions to me were outside of the garden. Everything is over-estimated. It is very far from the luxuriance of Hawaii, the sport of Monte Carlo, the beauty and history of Mediterranean resorts. It takes more than a railroad and a big hotel to beat them.

Palm Beach pauperizes and provokes. Her short season sickens and shames. She is the painted, pampered prostitute of Florida. "Do as you damn please" is her motto. This was no place for a minister's son, so I stood not upon the order of my going, but went by the first midnight train—before I lost all my money and morals.

* * *

Froth Pulls This One

Belle—I don't understand why Clarice lets that common grocery boy play around with her?

Buoy—Neither do I, unless it's because he delivers the goods.

Our New York Gossip

HEAVEN forbid that I should be catty about this; but I marvel at the new medical malady introduced into the world by the great Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the French tennis star.

It is a peculiar kind of bronchial cough that only comes on when you are getting licked. The peculiarity of the disease that the paroxysm of coughing take place every time one loses a point; the gaining of a point is followed by an immediate, temporary recovery.

Brethren and sisters, I don't want to bring on another European war; but we gotta have the truth about this French jane who came over here to mop up the tennis courts with our American girls.

The real malady from which Mlle. Lenglen was suffering was an overdose of publicity. They tell me that, at the time of the Olympic games in Belgium, the French star had begun to believe that the rest of the firmament where she was not was a comparatively dull affair.

One day, at Antwerp, she arrived at the stadium without her ticket of admission. To the gatekeeper who held out his mit for the accustomed cardboard, she said with freezing hauteur, "I am the great Lenglen." I don't know what the gatekeeper did; I suppose he

dropped dead and was carried out by the heels; but anyhow, that is what she said.

When she arrived in America, the little French girl did a very foolish thing. She gave out an interview loftily pooh-poohing all the American stars—especially Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, whom she said she had defeated without trying.

Now it happens that Molla is a sweet, kind-hearted, unaffected, courageous little Norwegian girl. She was a professional masseuse when she came to America; but disarmed the snobbery of the Newport tennis set by her good sportsmanship.

She read the catty remarks that Lenglen had said about her and she came out on the tennis courts at Forest Hills looking for blood. The dander of her Norse Viking ancestors was up. The way she lit into the French girl filled the latter with dismay. In the face of the tornado, the "great Lenglen" retired shivering to the back courts and straightway developed a sensational cough.

At the end of the first set, she threw up her hands and quit cold, leaving the courts in tears. Molla retired from the battle in high dignity; but as soon as the club house doors closed upon her, she was almost smothered by the kisses and hugs of the other girl tennis players who had gathered for the tournament. Mlle. Lenglen during her brief stay of two days had managed to make herself thoroughly unpopular.

It is predicted that the other French champion, Carpentier, will not be basking in quite such a halo of hero worship when he comes

back again, next winter, to fight Tom Gibbons.

Georges made a gallant and inspiring fight against Jack Dempsey but, around the neighborhood, they were not quite so strong for him.

It is certainly an awful thing to contemplate; but if the new picture censors of New York have their way, the world is due to be a lonely void without any one-piece bathing suit girls.

The first thing they did on taking office recently was to throw out the picture of some Dallas, Texas, young ladies who won the prizes for having the best—well, y' know—bathing suits and so on.

Hardly had the metropolis recovered from this shock when the censors ruthlessly stepped on Hope Hampton's thousand dollar bathing suit which recently gave Atlantic City a thrill.

Of course, you understand that Hope's bath suit was made out of seal skin; and seal skin is so awfully expensive that she naturally couldn't get such an awful lot of it for a thousand dollars—and that was the kind of suit it was.

The censors gave the indignant Miss Hampton a funny reason for their official "thumbs down" ruling. They said that her bath suit was against the city ordinances of Atlantic City —and they couldn't stand for that—even if it was in New Jersey.

Whereupon most of the New York papers promptly proceeded to print both of the censor forbidden pictures, thereby giving them about a dozen times the publication they would have had on the screen.

It is practically a defi on the part of the Metropolitan daily papers, who say in effect to Governor Miller, "Why don't you try censoring us, too?"

And now we are on the subject of Hope Hampton, they tell me that, although a really nice little girl, Hope has begun to feel her dignity. Not long ago, at her picture studio two electricians were fixing an overhead light. One of them, looking down upon the set, said, "Now we've got it right. It's right above her head."

Whereupon the lovely young star stared upward with a cold and terrible stare:

"Where do you get that stuff, 'her'?" she demanded. "When you are talking about me, say 'Miss Hampton.'"

There are alarming rumors that Hope is going onto the stage along with the other movie stars who are headed furiously in that direction.

On the other hand, Theda Bara, to counterbalance the exodus, is going back to the screen again.

Personally I quiver with excitement waiting to find out if T'eda is going to be a vamp on the screen again. She's a queer girl—T'eda.

It used to be said of Oliver Goldsmith that he wrote like an angel and talked like a fool. Just the other way with T'eda.

Personally she is one of the most charming women I ever met. She has brains, wit, philosophy, humor and concentration. She is a brilliant conversationalist. I once heard her talk with a dramatist, renowned for his brilliant conversation, and the silver-tongued genius had

nothing on her. She simply sizzled and coruscated with brilliancy.

But when she stops talking and turns to her professional life, the brains ooze out somewhere. The only thing worse than Theda's picures was Theda's play, put on last season. At that, she has real ability as an actress—if she would take up sane subjects.

Theda was married the other day to one Charles Braban, a director.

A few days after the wedding, she was in court testifying as a witness. They asked her for her name. She said it was Theda Bara.

The lawyer was one of these bull-dozing gents. "I want to know your real name," he said with cheap sarcasm.

The courts recently gave the lady the right to change her legal name from Theodosia Goodman, with which she was born, to her stage name Theda Bara; so she replied with dignity, "My real name is Theda Bara. And annihilated the lawyer with a look. The examination had proceeded when she suddenly shrieked, "Oh, no. Excuse me. I forgot. I am Mrs. Charles Braban."

The deeply regretted death of Caruso will be followed by a musical revolution.

It is an admitted fact that no good American name goes in musical circles. If you were not born on the other side, you have to pretend you were and apologize and take a foreign moniker; or you will not be accepted in your own, your native land.

The way things are now, no American singer can possibly break in without going to Europe

for a long and expensive course of study—just to get the European stamp of approval.

Some of the bitterest tragedies of this world have been those of American girls who found the doors closed to them in their own country by foreign impressarios and who struggled their way to Europe in order to work for German or Italian permission to follow their own professions in their own country. A good many found heart-aches, poverty and other worse tragedies over there.

And now coming to the point: it looks as though the logical successor of Caruso might be a young California boy of good old American stock—Mario Chamley. He is a regular young "he" American who talks baseball; goes to all the fights and is "regular" from the basement up. He has a glorious golden voice and has gone to the front in the Metropolitan more rapidly than any other young tenor in the history of American opera. The future seems to have boundless possibilities for him.

Chamley is a charming young fellow to meet. Opera singing is just a job—like any other—to him. He tells some outrageously funny stories about life in an opera company. Among other adventures, the first time he appeared in a grand role in the Metropolitan, he burst the waist band that held up his pants.

When the curtain went down and the applause began, the excited impressario tried to drag him out in front of the curtain.

The young tenor tried to tell him his pants were coming down, but he couldn't remember how to say it in Italian. The impressario

thought it was just shyness and modesty that kept him back and tried to drag him along. Just in time, one of the other singers, explained the situation and the Metropolitan audience lost a chance for a comic thrill.

And now, brethren, that will be about all for today, except that the press agent of the Ziegfield Follies has announced with heat of excitement that the girls have formed a club to prosecute and reply to those who say they go to rough parties and live wild lives. Cross my heart, I have always believed that the Ziegfield girls spent all their spare time reading dictionaries and doing tatting work and helping mother with the dishes. So they can't get anything on me, b' gosh.

* * *

A Gimme For Fair

First he said "Gimme a kiss,"
Then he said "Gimme a hug,"
Then he wanted "A lock of my hair."
I filled these requests with glee.
Then to prove truly that he was a "gimme"
The brute, he gave me "the air."
('Tis tuff, sister, 'tis tuff.)

* * *

Getting the Sheckels

Why wait until you're old and bent?
The wise bird took 'em as he went.

* * *

Over in Italy they have a new drink, made out of prunes. They call it Prunell. That's nothing. Over here they have a new drink made out of raisins. They call it Raisenell.

Stranger (winking): Can you direct me to a good drug store?

Villager: You're talking to one right now.

* * *

The ocean wearily exclaimed,
"Incessantly I go;
I wonder that I don't get corns
Upon my undertow."

* * *

The first Tommy was ruddy of complexion, with a huge growth of beard of the hue known as auburn.

The second was smooth shaven. Said the latter: "I useter have a beard like that till I saw myself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

But the bearded man was not dismayed.

"Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard."

* * *

How Do They Get That Way?

Mother—Come, Bobbie, don't be a little savage—kiss the lady.

Bobbie—No, she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her she may give me a slap just like she did Papa.

* * *

That's Righto!

The man who has the love and confidence of a good woman, and whom the children run to meet when he is coming home from his work at night, may no be rated as a millioaire, by Bad Street and Done, but High-Gate Pete has him pretty well lined up in the Babe Ruth class!

George, my boy, when a girl really loves you she'll wade through hell for you unprotected and with her hair unleashed and streaming defiantly behind her as Love's Unconquerable Flag. You're the whole works to her—from the engineer to the president, and the directors and stockholders heaved in for good measure. All other men, compared to you, are only accidents or bellhops.

* * *

The Modern Way

A jug o' pumpernickel, a hunk o' buttermilk and a case of near-beer, a pinch o' limburger and a bouquet of green onions, a ukelele, an electric fan and a fly swatter, a porch hammock, the Whiz Bang, a package of cigarettes, a few jazz records and a chicken and you couldn't wish Harding's job on me!

* * *

As the old Hebrew walked across the golf links, a ball bounced off his head with considerable force. He turned angrily upon the golfer. "Say," he yelled, "You want to kill me?" "I sue you for fife tousand dollars."

"Didn't you hear me? I said 'Fore.'"

"All right," Ikey replied, "I'll take it."

* * *

She hangs out in our alley, but oh! what she hangs out.

* * *

Good Night, Shirt

"See here, I will not let you go out in a frock like that."

" Don't be an ass, Jack. I'm not going out—I'm going to bed."

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

Making It Perfectly Clear

ALTHOUGH tradition holds the devil was masculine, there is at least one person in the world who would dispute tradition and stamp the evil one a woman. You may not agree with him, but then again you may, so here's the poem:

As the story is told, in the ages of old,
The devil, a spirit, was free,
To wander at will, mid the good and the ill,
So the devil a roaming went he.
In a garden he met an old man and his pet,
And straightway enamored was he
With Eve, young and cute, so he gave her some fruit,
For the devil a serpent could be.

Then she put on a skirt and made Adam a shirt—
A cunning young vixen was she—
Concealing her charms, yet displaying her arms,
Till the devil he chuckled in glee.
For he saw at a glance that his charms would enhance
If only a female were he;
So, donning her clothes, through creation he goes,
And the devil a woman is she!

* * *

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"

were the soft sweet words I heard as I passed by a little cottage home. Glancing in the open doorway, I saw a young mother rocking her baby to sleep. It recalled the voice of my

mother who sings to me across the years of babyhood, youth and manhood.

In memory's light I see the old cradle. It was a homely thing. The sides sloped, it was just wide enough for a baby's arms to reach across, high enough for the little sister to look over, and the brother to learn to walk by. It was shaped like a kind of Noah's Ark, but in it we children rocked and rode safely over all the storms of early years.

It had a wooden canopy at the head. As we looked up, it must have seemed like the edge of the world, or a dark background on which to paint awful childish fancies. Sometimes a loud man or an ugly woman looked over it into our faces, spoke, and we were frightened and cried, but mother came and smiled the tears away.

The rockers were curved and turned over at the end, and were worn smooth and gray. Weary with work, mother sat by our side, placed her tired foot on the rocker, and to the time beat of a loving heart, rocked us to sleep as she knitted, sewed, mended, thought or prayed.

For many years the old cradle was going most of the time. Again and again a big baby was taken out of the cradle and a small one put in. She sang as only the mother can, whose child is born of pain and baptized with tears.

It was a lullaby sweet and low, like hum of bees in summertime; a song in a nursery, and not in a concert hall; a song not for the many but for just one pair of little ears which heard and loved and understood. It was rock, and

sing, for nap by day and long sleep by night; rock and sing when well and glad or sick and sad. One day the cradle was stilled, the little brother, Gordon, was sound asleep, his long lashes cast shadows on the upturned cheek, and the little fingers had changed a red rose for a white lily. His cradle had rocked him nearer to the tomb for "birth is nothing but our death begun."

Dear cradle of childhood, that rested so many tired bodies and soothed so many hearts. Today the old cradle is in the dark garret and the tired mother rests in the dark grave. The hands that laid the pillow and spread the cover have stopped their work; the foot that rocked it has finished its journey; the face that hovered above it is gone and the song she sang is silent.

Baby boys and girls are men and women now, but they can never forget the old cradle. How often when body, mind and heart ache we toss and cry during the long night hours, and wish that mother could hug, kiss and put us in the old cradle again and rock and sing us to sleep.

* * *

WE NOTE with amusement that certain of the sanctimonious sect still are passing "resolutions" about the Dempsey-Carpentier fistic embroglio, deploring the same as a "disgrace to our civilization." These are the same "birds" who would have us scrap our navy and reduce the army to a squad of boy scouts with Easter lilies in their hands.

A "prize fight" is no more brutal than any other manifestation of power; no more "disgraceful" in what we call civilization than any other application of force. Force rules the universe; nothing can resist it. It would take physical force to maintain any law against prize fighting just as it takes physical force to keep the bathing beauties from discarding their two-ounce outfits as too burdensome to wear.

Prize fighting is a "disgrace to civilization" only because it is mercenery, venal, sordid; yet we loan our money on mortgages and sell our goods at a profit with never a thought of disagreeable civilization. The fighter sells his ability to clout another prize fighter on the chin before the other bambino of the bulging biceps bangs him on his own proboscis.

The power of the state is behind all human law and activity—the threat of physical enforcement keeps Pedro, Jr., out of Neighbor Jones' alfalfa patch. Society is protected by force and sometimes with arms. Our civilization is merely armed resistance to "barbarism" and the brutality is always under the thin pretense of "culture" and "refinement."

We have no desire to see America a nation of male toe dancers. Let there be "prize fighting" if it is to help save the country from the bigotry of the organized minority. If we don't look out we'll soon be as unprotected as a toke point oyster on the half shell—and it will be the folk who are raving about prize fighting that will do it.

* * *

My hip is often my castle.

Ikey's New Bank

Ikey was talking to his Yiddish merchant friend in the latter's store when the dealer's young son toddled in and said, "Papa, give me some money." The father reached in his pocket and handed the boy a quarter. His friend appeared rather shocked at the show of liberality. "Why, how much spending money do you give that kid every week?" he asked. Levy replied, "Only three quarters."

"Don't you think you're too extravagant with a child?"

"Oh, no," answered Levy, "I showed him how to put the quarters in the gas meter and he thinks it's a bank."

* * *

Report From London

They were holding an inquest upon poor Sandy McHarris, whose body had been taken from the Thames. Eleven of the jury were for returning a verdict of suicide, but the twelfth, a brither Scot demurred.

"Hoo could it be suicide?" he asked. "Ah'm for a vairdict o' 'Accidental death, maisel. Ye'll notice that the puir laddie had a bottle of whisky on him, and it was nearly full."

Verdict in accordance with the evidence.

* * *

"Say, Gus," asked a neighbor, "I heard that the foreman has had a fever. How's his temperature today?" Our hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself. "Taint for me to say," he replied. "He died last night."

Smokehouse Poetry

In the November issue Smokehouse Poetry will bring back to memory that Civil War classic, "Your Letter, Lady, Came Too Late." This beautiful and touching poem was written by an officer of the Confederate Army to the most beautiful and brilliant belle of Savannah, the fiancee of the officer's companion in prison. The woman had written a cold, heartless letter, but her fiance had died before the letter was received and the poem was in answer to it.

Tonight your home may shine with lights,
And ring with merry songs,
And you be smiling as though your soul
Had done no deathly wrong.
Your hands so fair, none would think
Had penned these words of pain,
Your skin so white, would God, your heart,
Were half so free from stain.

In addition to this noted classic, Whiz Bang will reproduce "Down In the Lehigh Valley," which is well known by name among Smokehouse fans. And, in parting, folks, don't forget that the Winter Annual will contain the greatest assortment of Smokehouse poetry ever put into print. Send your dollar in before you are too late.

* * *

The Prisoner's Prayer

This poem was written by Arthur Winter on the wall of the Federal Prison at McNeil Island, Washington, in September, 1909, and later memorized by another prisoner and forwarded to the Whiz Bang upon his release. We offer it to you for what you think it is worth.

Our prayer has gone up through the ages
To a God whom they say gave us souls;
But the fever of anger still rages,
The thunder of punishment rolls.

We are sheep that are driven to slaughter;
We are dogs that are whelped in the street;
We are useless as poisonous water;
We are only for punishment meet.

So hear ye the prayers from the prison,
Where fever and famine are rife;
Where never one soul has arisen,
Where myriads go down in the strife.

Where the black wing of death scarcely hovers,
Lest its jesters should make him unclean;
And the soft fleecy clouds hurry over,
To shut out God's sun from the scene.

Where the light of God's orb would be stricken,
With shame as it passed in the sky,
To look in the cells where we sicken,
To fall in the sod where we die.

If thou, God, omnipotent being,
Can pierce the prison's pale gloom;
And growest not sick of the seeing,
This charnel, this foul-reeking tomb?

If Thy hand stretch not forth in its anger,
To smite this damn den of despair,
Whose evil is rampant, and langour
Is lord of the poisonous lair.

Then God, take Ye back your creation,
And plunge it in infinite fire,
Your wrath is eternal damnation,
But man's is more lasting dire.

* * *

The Sunflower Kid

By Koffdrop DeHaven.

A few years back, in my palmy days, when the boxing game was grand,
I tipped the scales at a hundred and ten; had a punch in either hand;
But I never was a top notch, the reason for which I'll tell,
I was learning a trade in a boiler shop; I worked, and worked like everything;
I was down at the gym three times a week, tore off six rounds each night,
'Till I found myself in tiptop shape and ready for the fight.
I was matched to box "The Sunflower Kid," the colored bantam champ;

I knew he was good so I trained down fine, and stuck to my training camp.
For I never drank nor smoked then, boys, I prided my health and strength,
Could box like Gibbons and hit like Jack, had a good left jab for its length.

The fight with the "chocolate drop" was at the Chickatawbut club;
Although I was white I was in the dark for they took me for a dub.
We entered the ring and a whoop went up, we both shared the applause,
They liked us both and "The Kid" was a price and we knew each other's flaws.
For we went to school together, "The Sunflower Kid" and me,
And we knew each other's tactics like the saying A to Z.
The bell rang; we came to the front and neither of us smiled,
We were feinting and "feeling each other out," and one of my swings went wild;
No damage was done in the opening round, except for a few left hooks,
I was sure I had his number then and proceeded to mar his looks.

The eighth opened up, I was still very fresh, getting stronger all the while,
I ducked "The Kid's" right swing to the jaw and met him with a smile,
Yes, a smile and also a right hand smash to the softest part of the jaw,
And "The Kid" went down from the force of the blow and laid out on the straw.
The referee counted ten and then the "Kid" didn't move a bit,
I knelt beside him, got hold of his head, I knew he was hard hit.
A doctor jumped in and felt his pulse, put water on his head,
A minute later he tested his heart and announced the "Kid" was dead.
From that time on, I'm sorry to say, my life began to fail
In health and strength and happiness for I served ten years in jail.

And now I am fighting Barleycorn and my hair is turning gray,
And I'll beget this tough old gamester until my judgment day.

* * *

Not Me

When a pretty Fairy gets on a car,
And her dress comes kinder high,
The goodly man will steal a glance,
Even as you and I.

But when he's with a real nice girl,
To look, he will not try,
He is a regular "model man"
Even as you and I.

Evolution

Jazzed a trifle—Apologies to Langdon Smith

By Neil McConlogue.

When you were part of an elephant's tusk
In the Palezoic time,
And I rode round in a walrus mouth
'Mid the piscatorial slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Thru the depths of a salmon fen—
Our hearts were rife with that dentine life,
But—I wasn't with you then.

That was before the colored man
Invented the game called Crap;
Before they cubed and spotted our sides,
And tossed us toward Fortune's Lap.
But the world turned on in the lathe of time;
The hot sands heaved amain;
And our faces were polished with emery wheel—
Then between us they made a game.

At first they called us a "game of dice."
We were drab as a dead man's hand:
We lolled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed thru the mud and sand.
Sextette–sided, with corners round,
Writing a language dumb;
While fingers snapped and cash exchanged
On bets that we wouldn't "come."

Later they labeled us "African Golf."
And they gave us a spin once more.
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of the Terra Firma shore.
The aeons came, and the aeons fled,
But the hand that held us fast,
Was sure to hold us a bit too long,
We tried hard, but—couldn't "pass."

Then light and swift thru the jungle trees
Swung the white men in their flights;
And they heard the darkies plead "Come little Joe"!
In the hush of policeless nights.
And, Oh! What improvement the white man made!
For us there were no bounds!
We were riven away by a newer day,
And no longer rolled on the ground.

Thus point by point, and "pass" by "pass,"
Onward thru cycles strange,
We "sevened," "elevened," "nined," and "fived,"

And followed the chain of change;
'Till there came a time in Gambledom
'Midst many a weal and woe—
They changed the name of this plucky game
To "Bounding Domino."

Long were the "rolls" on the table-top.
When the game would once begin;
Longer the howls of the "folks-of-chance"
When "hard-luck" came trooping in.
O'er gold, and silver, and paper notes,
They'd fight, and claw, and tear;
And cheek by jowl—with words quite foul
They'd soil the clothes they'd wear.

We were discovered so long ago
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
Near the race-track at Pamlico,
Our eyes are dotted with half-carat stones
That shine like the Devon Springs;
And cute Flappers display us in public
Quite as proudly as diamond rings.

It makes no difference if we are rolled
For a dollar, five, or ten.
Our love is cold, our game is old,
And the "sucker" our kith and kin.
Tho cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned-men made war,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Found the hardest point was "Four."

Moral:

REMEMBER, He who operates a barber-shop is not barbaric; He that studies the lunar system is not a lunatic; He who exists on a stew is not always a student: He who thinks that One Broadway makes New York has "muchly" to learn; And—He that caresseth the Uneasy Nories is hastily disconnected from his dough.
Never Shoot Crap!
Never! Remember That!
TOTAL MORAL: Play Poker Instead!

* * *

Is it you I love dear?
I can scarcely tell.
When you smile your eyes, dear,
Make me think of Nell.
When you are sad, your mouth, dear,
Makes me think of Sue,
But, dear, when I kiss you,
I am sure it's you.

Oh! You City Slickers

By Gordon Campbell.

'Twas down in the Lehigh Valley
That me and my pal, Lou,
Was workin' in a hash house,
An' a pretty good one too.

It was there that I met Gonzola;
She was the village belle,
Now I was only a waiter,
But I loved that gal like everything.

Then along come a city feller,
A slick haired son of the idle,
An' stole my darling little Lou
To slip on the marriage bridle.

So fill up the glasses, stranger,
An' I'll be on my way;
I'll get the guy that stole my gal,
If it takes till the judgment day.

* * *

Our Paris Letter

A Jack Johnson burst over the shell hole into which Pat and Mike had crawled. "Oi've been shot in the foot," said Pat. Mike immediately placed Pat on his shoulder and started for the hospital. On his way there another shell took off Pat's head. Arriving at the first aid station, the sentry hailed Mike.

"No use bringing any dead men in here," he said. "That fellow's head has been shot off"

"Why, the son-of-a-gun," exclaimed Mike, "he told me it was his foot."

* * *

Oh, Pickle My Bones

Pat—"Well, Mike, I just saw a doctor about my loss of memory."

Mike—"What did he do?"

Pat—"He made me pay in advance."

Questions and Answers

Dear Breezy Bill—"What's the tallest tree you ever have seen?"—***Ella Mental.***

Up at Pequot we have a tree that is so big it takes two men to look at it; one man looks up at it as far as he can and the other man begins where the first left off.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I often have heard that there are lots of cows that do not give milk during the summer. Is this true?—***O. Shoot.***

Yes, in a way, but the next time anyone says such things you just tell them it's "bull."

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am a girl fourteen years old and have a dog named Toddles. Should I let a boy of fifteen hug me?—***Dot.***

No, go in the house, and take the dog in, too.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I met a guy at a dance, he kissed me during the moonlight waltz. What shall I do?—***Helen.***

Lay off the moonlight waltzes.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Could you tell me when Cuba was discovered?—***Hi Drant.***

July 1, 1919

Dear Captain Billy—I am a young man only seventeen years old. My mother says I shouldn't play with any rough girls. What shall I do?—***Percy.***

Do as your mother tells you, you little rascal.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I am a boy eighteen years old and am in love with a bootlegger's daughter. How can I tell her that I love her—***Al. Hambra.***

Send me her address.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What are the secrets of success?—***Harold Lloydette.***

"Push," said the button; "Take Pains," said the window; "Never be led," said the pencil; "Be up to date," said the calendar; "Always keep cool," said the ice; "Never lose your head," said the hammer; "Make light of everything," said the fire; "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

* * *

Dear Old Skip—What are goofus feathers?—***U. N. Omeal.***

The fuzz on a peach.

* * *

Dear Admiral—What is the easiest way to catch a whiffempoof?—***A. Fisher.***

Throw a plug of tobacco in the water and hit him on the head with a club when he comes up to spit.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—Why is it that flies can't see in the winter time?—***I. C. Fairlywell.***

I suppose it is because they leave their specs behind in the summer time.

* * *

Dear Skipper—Can you dig me up a girl if I come to Robbinsdale to visit you?—***Geehell.***

Sure, but what's the matter with me getting you a live one?

* * *

Dear Skipper—What is funnier than a one-arm man trying to wind his wrist watch?—***Horace.***

A glass eye at a keyhole.

* * *

Dear Skip—How is hash made?—***Hi Water Shuz.***

It isn't made. It accumulates.

* * *

Dear Breezy Bill—What's your idea of the height of optimism?—***Peter Outt.***

Changing your socks from one foot to the other so that the toes will not fit the holes.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Do you think that if I hired a pretty stenographer I would take more interest in my business?—***J. G. P.***

I don't know whether you would take more interest in your business, but I know your wife will.

* * *

Dear Skipper—Who was the first original profiteer?—***C. Serpent.***

The whale that swallowed Jonah; he grabbed all the Prophet in sight.

* * *

In case your Ford misses, look in the exhaust pipe.

Pasture Pot Pourri

Come, Kiss the Heroine!

Dear Editor: While coming over to America on a steamer, the mate rushed up to me and threatened to blow up the ship if I didn't give him a kiss.

What did I do?.

I saved the lives of four hundred people.

* * *

Lives of 'skeeters all remind us,
While short skirts are all the go,
That to them existence must be
Just one great big burlesque show!

* * *

Yes, Gus, 'tis sad but only too true that in Georgia the peaches grow on the limbs while at the beaches—but why break the monotony?

* * *

The hired hand, Gus, went to town the other night to a dance. When he got back he said that "nothing stands between certain dancers and pneumonia but a sense of loyalty to their employers."

* * *

Oh, Myrt, do you know Aurora Borealis? They say she was all lit up last night.

* * *

No, Geraldine, Sandy Hook is not a Scotchman.

* * *

I was walking down the street the other day and on the far side was a fellow who looked familiar. "Hello, Bill," I says. "Hello, Tom," says he. "My name ain't Tom," I says. "Well, my name ain't Bill, either," says he. With that, I looks at him an' he looks at me an' sure enough, it was neither of us.

Height of Speed

Our idea of a fast guy is one who can turn out the light and get in bed before the room gets dark.

* * *

Why don't girls figure that it costs money to press trousers?

* * *

Our Book Review

When a girl reading a novel begins to wet her lips, the hero and heroine are about to meet.

* * *

Girls will play fast and loose with men,
We know; so what's the use?
So first we'll hold the loose ones, then,
We'll turn the fast ones loose.

* * *

The angels that fear to tread where fools rush in must miss a lot of fun.

* * *

A woman is not a heroine, Geraldine, just because she is dying for a man.

* * *

Ain't It Awful, Mabel!

Our friend Hooper writes us that last fall he was in Alaska; went out to spend the evening with his best girl and didn't come back for six months. Some night, we'd say.

* * *

Height of Laziness

A fellow who gets up at five o'clock in the morning so that he'll have more time to loaf.

* * *

Har, Har, Ha!

Heard a good joke this mornnig.
Is it really a good one?
Must be. My stenographer laughed until she almost fell off my lap when I told it to her.

* * *

A fast night makes a slow day. How well do I know it this morning.

Plug it Up

He—My love for you is like a rushing brook.
She—Dam it!

* * *

Oh, for a world of equal balance. Here we find some women with no husbands atall, atall, while others have husbands and assistant husbands.

* * *

Women are like automobiles. Some are chummy roadsters and some are merely runabouts.

* * *

A New Melody

One of the latest song hits in Southern California is "And we will get a little bungalow in Hollywood and live our own sweet way."

* * *

Indeed, Aloysius, you're right—socks are the most frugal things in the world. They wouldn't think of dropping a scent until they're washed. Hoping you are the same, I am,

Antiseptically speaking,
Yours for safety first,
Bilious Billy.

* * *

Do you need any typewriter supplies? Yes, send me two pounds of candy and a box of chewing gum.

* * *

About the only amusement women appear to have nowadays is smoking cigarettes, shaking the shimmy, and shooting their husbands.

* * *

We wonder where the pictures that used to hang in the bar rooms are now?

* * *

Here It Is Again

Don't bother bringing in the firewood, Mother. Father will be home with a load.

Me friend Mulligan says wan time whin two heads are not better than wan is whin you wake up the morning after the night before.

* * *

Said our pet pole cat to his pretty pal: "Now, dearie, do not be so high toned that you can't use common sense."

* * *

Talk about your nice dispositions—we have a man in our town who retires early rather than keep the bedbugs waiting for supper.

* * *

Has anyone heard that little ballad entitled "Who shot Nellie in the freckle?"

* * *

What could be sweeter than the rib music of choir-practors.

* * *

Fair Dancer—Say, walk over your own feet!
He—What do you think I am, a cross-country runner?

* * *

Button up your mouth, boys, you've ingrown heels.

* * *

Today in History

They were married and lived snappily ever after.

* * *

It takes a tough bird to eat currents off a live wire.

* * *

A North Pole Ad

(From Charlotte, N. C., Paper)

To Sublet—Heated apartment for July and August.

* * *

"So you've been to Paris? How did you like the Eifel Tower?"

"Eifel Tower? Huh, I didn't have my eyes more than two feet off the ground all the time I was there."

In Our Barn Yard

In she came;
Down she sot;
Laid a little egg,
And up she got.

* * *

"The MISERY of a CHILD—is interesting to a MOTHER!

"The MISERY of a YOUNG MAN—is interesting to a YOUNG WOMAN!

"The MISERY of an OLD MAN—is interesting to N O B O D Y!"

* * *

Roses are rare,
Violets are few,
I sure picked a lemon,
When I got you.

* * *

Joe's a Gentleman

"Yes," remarked the stout lady in the private bar of the Helping Hand, "my Joe give me a ruddy good leatherin' larst night. You oughter see my shoulders! They're black and blue. But," she added proudly, "'e never 'its me on the face, where it'll show. My Joe's too much of a gentleman for that."

* * *

Reverting to the subject of colored babies, George Washington Jackson, informs us that his wife presented him with one last week that weighed only two pounds. Now he wants to know if this isn't the first time a colored baby was born so light.

* * *

Yes, Alfred, the ambitious girl is ambitious to make a name for herself, but she usually ends by accepting some man's.

Lost, Almost

A pacifist orator in Hyde Park, London, was declaiming against war. Seeing a returned soldier listening on the edge of the crowd, he roared out: "See that man! He is garbed in the uniform of war. But I belong to the army of heaven." The "Tommy," leisurely removing his pipe from his mouth, dryly replied: "You're a 'ell of a way from your barracks, then."

* * *

The height of Sir Walter Raleighism was observed at a bathing beach last month, when a young man carried a bathing suit clad girl from boat to shore through six inches of water so the poor dear would not get her feet wet.

* * *

Blessed are the orphan children, for they have no mothers to spank them.

Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

* * *

All we have to do in Robbinsdale to feel the spirit of the good old days is to eat an ear of corn and drink a pint of water.

* * *

Since the country is dry why manufacture umbrellas with crooked handles to hang over bars?

* * *

If a woman can't break some man's heart she gets reckless and breaks her own.

* * *

Wise men never borrow trouble when they can borrow money instead.

One swallow doesn't make a summer,
But one frog can make a spring.

* * *

The other day I was riding in the street car. I had my eye on a seat, but a woman sat on it.

* * *

A chilly reception doesn't cool one off on a hot day.

* * *

Men fight with their fists, women with their tears.

* * *

When spinsterhood is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives.

* * *

We will now sing that touching little ballad, entitled, "Girls, don't put make-up on your eyes, I'll blacken 'em for you," by the writers of "Naughty Nellie."

* * *

First I gave her peaches,
Then I gave her pears
Then I gave her fifty cents
And kissed her on the stairs.

* * *

What we would like to know is what part of a woman's anatomy are the stairs. The author evidently received his training from the late Quenton, who reported that a South St. Paul woman was shot in the boiler room. Well, well, I must pull another cork now. Reminds me of the time I was half shot in the Islands.

* * *

Her's

Bachelor—"Do you suffer from cold feet?"
Newlywed—"Yes, but they aren't mine."

Arthur Neale's Page

Boarding our Interborough subway car at Columbus Circle the other day en route for our office—or, to be more exact, the office in which we have desk room—we espied one of the loveliest young feminine creatures it had ever yet been our good fortune to gaze on. She would have inspired artists to undreamed of masterpieces—she would have thrilled even a sign-painter. Bathed in her beauty we rode on, oblivious of all else—even our getting off stop. How we wished that we knew her! At Times Square she arose to alight. Poor girl—she was lame.

Still reflecting on this, we reached the office and started to put the final—not finishing—touches to the musical composition we were then at work on, a snappy little one-step entitled "When My Baby Smiles at Me, I Wish She'd See a Dentist." We had no sooner put pen to paper when one of these wandering salesmen entered the office and planked down his bag of wares on the desk. "Would you be interested in anything in ladies' silk stockings?" he said. "We used to be," we replied. "But now we know it's best to be careful."

During that day we had to make a trip further downtown, and so used the subway again. Seated opposite to us was a very nice

girl with her mother, and her legs were crossed —that is, the girl's legs were. As Gus may remember, or rather, as Gus will never forget, there is a subway breeze wafting through these cars, and it was wafting just then. The mother noticed it, and although she spoke sotto voice—whatever that is—we heard her say to the girl: "Put your leg down, Rosie, der vind ist blowin' der dress up." "That's all right, ma," said the girl, "I ain't deformed." And seated directly opposite, we knew that the lady was quite correct.

While waiting with a friend the other evening for a Times Square traffic jam to disentangle itself, the friend drew our attenion to a taxicab stalled at the curb just where we were standing. Or, to be precise, he drew our attention to the contents of the cab. She was a queen if there ever was one. Said our friend: "Shouldn't mind being in there with that one." "We should," we replied. "Already the clock says $9.60."

* * *

All Was Not Well

"Don't yo' all know it's wrong to shoot craps?" piped the preacher as he discovered a portion of his congregation pursuing the Goddess of Chance.

"Yas, suh," admitted one parishioner, languidly, "an' bulieve me, Ah's payin' fo' mah sins."

* * *

A Tiresome Job

(From Minneapolis Journal)

LOOK—I must sell my shoe hospital, as I am getting tired of sitting.. 6383, Journal.

"You're a stingy old tight wad, Bill."

"How do you make that out, Joe?"

"Why I heard your wife say that if you owned the Atlantic Ocean you wouldn't even give a clam a gargle."

* * *

Old Time Facts

A certain young man named McGirth,
Was born on the day of his birth,
He was married they say
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

* * *

Pat was passing a graveyard one day and read on a tombstone, "I still live."

"Be jabbers," said Pat, "if I was dead sure I'd own up to it."

* * *

Photographer's Sign

I enlarge your babies and frame them for only $5.00.

* * *

A man I know kicked up a row
That stirred the neighbors wrath
He walked up to a lady cow
And slyly pinched her calf.

* * *

Lost or Stolen

(From Chattanooga Times.)

$10 REWARD. Black mare stolen. Return to W. W. Bell, Tyner, Tenn. Small wart in ear, tail chewed off at hocks; mane lays on both sides of neck; slightly reel-footed in two feet, one front, one hind; $25 if thief is with horse.

* * *

Mother (to battered son)—George, how many times have I told you to stop and count to a hundred before fighting?

George—That's what I did, Ma, but the other kid's mother told him to count only ten.

Quick, Officer, He's Bleedin'!

Why is a woman like an umbrella?

Because she is made of ribs and attached to a stick.

No, have another guess

Because nobody ever gets the right one.

Wrong, swing at it again.

Because she fades with age.

Almost, pull another.

Because she is a good thing to have about the house.

Rotten Here's the answer: A woman is like an umbrella because she is used to "reign."

* * *

The Human Race

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow;
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

* * *

One reason there is so much sadness in the world is that somewhere it is always time to get up in the morning.

* * *

What is a monologue?

A conversation between husband and wife.

* * *

The Most Regular Letter

The most popular letter is the letter "E" for it was the beginning and last of Eve, the beginning of Eternity, the end of Time and Space, the beginning of every end, and the end of every Race, and will always stick to Loraine, Marie and Florence to a finish.

It is also the most unpopular letter for it is never in Cash, always in Debt, everlastingly in Misery, never out of Danger, and always in RENT, HELL, and NEAR-BEER!

* * *

They called the baby Ivy because she crawled all around the house.

Our War Drama

While in New York City recently, a member of the Wild Cat Division, now employed in the McAlpin Hotel, related an anecdote on Paddy O'Loughlin, one of the division headquarter shuffers. It was after the armistice had been signed that Paddy made a flying trip to Paris, via his trusty flivver. Upon his return he made the following report to his buddies:

"The war ain't finished yet, be gorra, by a hekuva sight. The battle in Paris, which is going on right now, is a darn sight worse than we had with the Boche. It's a whole lot different kind of war, but a fellow isn't any safer on the Grand Boulevard than he was in front of a German machine gun nest.

"The attack started no more than I hit Paris and it got worse every minute until I left. You bet I was lucky to come out alive. The enemy approached me as soon as I stepped out of my truck and opened fire. She swooped down on me like a thirsty Irishman pounces on a glass of suds, grabbed hold of me by the arm just like we used to nab the German prisoners and tried to carry me off. I broke away from her, but I hadn't gone more than fifty feet before I met another detachment of the enemy. There were two of them this time. Say, talk about your camouflage! The Germans or French neither never had nothing on them. Their lips were made up like strawberries, and their eyes—oh, la! la!

"They tried the same game on me and tried to carry me away, but I got away from them.

When I hit the Boulevard, it was just like trying to run through a heavy barrage. They were all over, little cute one pounders and big heavy seventy-fives. They used the old German mass formation on me and when I tried to push through, it was worse than climbing over barb wire entanglements in No Man's Land. The rate of fire got hotter every minute. I didn't want to do it but there were too many of them and I had to holler 'Kamerad.'"

We tried to get "Paddy" to tell what happened after that, but he blushed and said that was all.

* * *

The Horse That Wins the Race

If you ever go to races I think you'll agree.
In the following philosophy which oft occured to me;
Some horses start off slowly and others make the pace,
But the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race.
It doesn't always matter which jockey has your mount
When they rally down the homestretch, one thing alone will count,
Luck often passes merit, and for better or for worse,
The rear horse gets his lashing and the front horse takes the purse,
When dealing cards in poker you are liable to find
That two pair seldom rank as high as three cards of a kind.
The King card is high card but it doesn't beat the ace:
The first horse at the wire is the one that wins the race.
Just look the records over, and you'll stay with me, I guess,
That really, for succeeding, there's nothing like success;
The world will surely judge you by the things that you have done!
You will only get its pity for your battles nearly won.
Reputation isn't always what it's lauded up to be,
The shallow brooks are noisest, down flowing to the sea,
Great genius sometimes hides itself within the common face;
Dark horses beat the favorites to many a gallant race.
Endeavor may be noble, but the world doesn't care a pin,
For an ocean of endeavors unless they chance to win.
Finish what you've undertaken if you want to make a name
Success has filled the niches in the temple walls of Fame.
The most successful doctor is the one that most is paid,
The merchant who most prospers is the one who gets the trade,
The most successful lawyer is the one who wins the case,
And the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race,
I often think it's pretty hard that things should be just so,

But you have to buy your ticket if you want to see the show.
It's the front of the procession where you always hear the band,
And the boy who gets hot peanuts is the first one at the stand.
So make your tablets ready and jot these maxims down;
It's the peasant does the hustling and the king that wears the crown.
The man who gets the fox's brush is the foremost in the chase,
And the first horse at the wire is the horse that wins the race.

* * *

Dead Earnest

I asked a young lady if she would wed,
With a smile in her bright roguish eyes, she said:
"Go ask father."
Now she knew that I knew
That her father was dead.
And she knew that I knew
Of the life he had led.
So she knew that I knew,
What she meant when she said,
"Go ask father."

* * *

There was a young gent from Tex
Who made a trip over to Mex.
And when he got back
Forty pints in a sack;
He sold each pint for an X.

* * *

Scented talcum is all right, but hardly a substitute for a bath.

* * *

Ancient But True

Here's that we may swear, steal, and lie;
When we swear may it be by the hand of justice;
When we steal may it be away from bad company;
When we lie may it be in the arms of the one we love best.

U're Right, Professorette

A wise woman once said there are three follies of men. The first is climbing trees to shake down the fruit, when if they would wait long enough the fruit would fall of its own weight; the second is going to war to kill each other, when, if they only waited, they would die naturally, and the third, that they run after women when, if they would not do so, women would be sure to run after them.

* * *

Before Prohibition: "See your own country first."

After: Visit foreign lands and see your own country's thirst."

* * *

Customer—"Bring me a Typographical Error."

Waiter (returning from kitchen)—"Sorry, we have none."

Customer—"Well, here it is on the menu."

* * *

A Sad Story

Ikey and Pat were wounded in an engagement in the Argonne. A priest making the rounds found them. After giving the Irishman the last rites he then went over to Ikey and asked, "Do you believe in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

Ikey groaned and rolled over.

"Oi, Oi! Here I am dying and you ask me riddles."

Our Rural Mail Box

C. U. Later—Sunday is the strongest day. All of the rest are weak days.

* * *

Sin O. Nimm—Sorry, I can't place you, but your breath smells familiar.

* * *

Unicorn—No, Uni, wrinkles do not denote the age of a prune.

* * *

I. C. S. Student—You ask me what is the most advisable course in the mining study to take up. Would suggest that you take up Kalso Mining.

* * *

Reggie—Yes, Reginald, 'tis true, only too true, that if the man in the moon had a baby he'd have the sky rocket.

* * *

Doc. Brady—As an instant relief for sore feet would suggest that you walk on your hands.

* * *

Run-Down Ikey—A sure way to acquire more initiative and pep is to wave a red shirt in front of Pedro.

* * *

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Our Exchange Story

In the days when Lord Kitchener, the invincible bachelor, was remaking the British Indian forces, a youthful officer asked for a furlough to go home and be married. Kitchener listened patiently, and then spoke kindly. "Kenilworth, you're not yet twenty-five. You're in the midst of a piece of work I value and which you're doing excellently. Wait a year. By that time you'll have cleaned the slate and tried out your own mind. If then you still desire to do this thing, speak to me again, and you shall have leave; and I'll take you back on the staff afterwards." The year passed, and the officer once more proffered his request. "And you really tell me," asked Kitchener, "that after thinking it over for twelve months you still wish to marry?" "Yes, sir, very much indeed." "Adjutant," commanded Kitchener, "Kenilworth is to have furlough to go to his own wedding. And frankly, my boy, I scarcely thought there was so much constancy in the masculine world." Kenilworth about faced and marched to the door, but there turned and said, "Thank you, sir. Only it's not the same woman."

* * *

It Can't Be Done

"Dress up," roared the Topper, "y' grinnin' baboon;
"Dress up," bawled the Topper, "y' half-witted loon."
"How can I?" asked Riley, adjusting his spur.
"How can I dress up on thirty beans per?"

On the Rocks

Lament of the Gold Striper

"God bless you, dearie, I'll always be waiting,"
Before I got back she'd done other mating.
With a goop that stayed home without any rating,
'Twas while I was gone that he did all his bating.

Sad Refrain:

Nothing to think about, nothing to do,
Nothing to talk about, none to talk to,
Nothing to look at, nothing is new,
Nobody to love, no one loves you.
Nothing to drink except in the sea,
No one to say. "Have one on me,"
Bootleg it? Yes, if you have the fee,
The label is there, but it's only weak tea.
The sun never shines, nothing but rain,
Feel sore all over, nothing but pain,
No steps forward, not any gain.
Left on the rocks, and lost in the game.

* * *

"You've got to admit one thing" said the man who believes prohibition has gone into effect, "and that is since the country went dry you dont see so many smashed up automobiles on the country roads."

"Yes" answered his friend, as he adjusted his glasses "a fellow who takes more than one shot of the hootch sold nowadays never gets as far as the city limits."

* * *

Their jests, their quips, insipid jokes,
I've heard till I am full;
Why can't the men fling bullion,
Instead of flinging bull.

* * *

I've been swimming a lot lately and as a result am tanned a dark brown—so dark that my wife won't let me out of her sight for a minute around the lakes—she's afraid some women follower of the Stillman divorce case will mistake me for an Indian guide.

The Annual Is Out!

Whiz Bang's greatest book—The Winter Annual Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22—hot off the press. Mailing will begin in a few days. To those thousands of Captain Billy's friends who already have sent in their one dollar bills, checks or stamps, we extend congratulations. Yours will go out first, in the order in which your orders were and are being received.

PIN A DOLLAR BILL

Or your check, money order or stamps
To the coupon on the opposite page.

And receive our 256-page bound volume of jokes, jests, jingles, stories, pot pourri mail bag and Smokehouse poetry. The best collection ever put in print.

REMEMBER, FOLK

Last year our Annual (which was only one-fourth as large as the 1921-22 book) was sold out on the Pacific Coast within three or four days, and not a copy could be bought **anywhere** in the United States within ten days.

So hurry up! First Come will be First Served!

Pin your dollar bill to the coupon and mail to the Whiz Bang Farm, Robbinsdale, Minn.

Don't write for early back copies of our regular issues.
We haven't any left.

Our Winter Annual

In addition to republication of gems of earlier issues of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, the first complete Winter Annual of this great family journal will contain a large variety of brand new jokes, jests, jingles, pot pourri, stories, and smokehouse poetry. This book, Pedigreed Follies of 1921–22, will contain four times as much reading matter as the regular issue of the Whiz Bang and will sell for one dollar per copy. It will be a book which will be cherished by the readers for years to come, and will contain the greatest collection of red-blooded poetry yet put in print. Included in the list will be:

Johnnie and Frankie, The Face on the Barroom Floor. The Shooting of Dan McGrew, The Harpy, Lasca (in full), The Girl in the Blue Velvet Band, Langdon Smith's "Evolution," Advice to Men, Advice to Women, Our Own Fairy Queen, Stunning Percy LaDue, Parody on Kipling's "The Ladies," Toledo Slim.

Advance orders are now being received and will be mailed in the order in which they are received. Tear off the attached blank and mail to us today with your check, money order or stamps.

Whiz Bang,
Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is dollar bill, check, money order or stamps for $1.00 for which please send me the Winter Annual of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, "Pedigreed Follies of 1921-22."

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